

*The Historie*

*Prin.* O my sweet beoffe, I must still bee good angel to thee,  
the mony is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labor.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father and may do any thing

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and doe  
it with vnwasht hands too.

*Bar.* Do my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue procured thee Iacke a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of horse. Where shall I finde one that  
can steale well. O for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii, or therea-  
bouts: I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for  
these rebels, they offende none but the vertuous; I laude them, I  
praise them.

*Prin.* Bardoll,

*Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Go beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster,

To my brother Iohn, this to my lord of Westmerland.

Go Peto to horse, to horse, for thou and I

Haue thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time,

Iacke, meete me to morrow in the temple haule

At two of clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue

Money and order for their furniture,

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And either we or they must lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words, braue world hostesse, my breakfast come,  
Oh I could wish this tauerne were my drum.

*Per.* Well said my noble Scot, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas haue,

As not a souldior of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world

By God, I cannot flatter, I do defie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my harts loue hath no man then your selfe,

Nay taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the King of honor,

No man so potent breaths vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Per.*

*of Henrie the fo*

*Per.* Do so, and tis wel. What letters  
I can but thanke you.

*Mes.* These letters come from your f

*Per.* Letters from him, why comes h

*Mes.* He cannot come my lord he is

*Per.* Zounds, how has he the leifure

In such a iustling time, who leads his p

Vnder whose gouernment come they

*Mes.* His letters beares his mind, not

*Wor.* I preethe tel me, doth he keepe

*Mes.* He did my Lord, foure daies ere

And at the time of my departure thenc

He was much fearde by his Ph sitions

*Wor.* I would the state of time had

Eare he by sicknesse had bin visited,

His health was neuer better worth the

*Per.* Sicke now, droupe now, this sick

The very life blood of our enterprife,

Tis catching hither euen to our camp

He writes me here that inward sicknes

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soone be draw n, nor did

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any soule remou'd but on his ow

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiseme

That with our small coniunction we

To see how fortune is disposd to vs,

For as he writes there is no quailing n

Because the king is certainly possit

Of al our purposes, what say you to it

*Wor.* Your fathers sicknesse is a mai

*Per.* A perillous gash, a very limbe

And yet in faith it is not, his present w

Seemes more then we shal find it: we

To set the exact wealth of al our state

Al at one cast? to set so rich a maine

On the nice hazard of one doubtfull

It were not good for therein should